

# The Pocahontas Times.

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Andrew Price, Editor

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## The Pocahontas Times.

THE Austrian parliament has broken up in a row. The ministry has resigned.

This year's Democratic victories will come in handy, next year, to account for the anticipated fall in wheat.—The Philadelphia Ledger.

HON. N. B. SCOTT, of Wheeling, is to be appointed internal revenue commissioner, and Hon. George M. Bowers, of Martinsburg, fish commissioner, by the President.

THE New York Sun reproves the Minneapolis Tribune for speaking of "London's great conflagration," when it meant "fire." Using a big word when a small one would do better is a nuisance.

E. M. SHOWALTER, of Fairmont, has been appointed an assistant district attorney, for West Virginia; a right good place for a young lawyer who graduated five years from the law school at the University.

Is Bryan going to absorb the Democratic party, or the Democratic party going to absorb Bryan? It would be better to reduce the noisy statesman to the ranks again until he learns that it is better for all concerned for him to make himself less conspicuous.

THE Mayor's Association was held at Clarksburg last week, and the different mayors discussed questions relating to their work. The mayor of Charleston asked that the association unite in an effort to have the legislature take away from the county courts the power to prohibit licenses for the sale of liquor in incorporated towns.

It is said that the millinery styles this year call for the plumage of birds to a greater extent than ever, and a crusade has been begun by the Audubon Society of New York for the preservation of the birds. Their plan is to create a public sentiment so strong that no woman will wear a hat with feathers that cost the bird from which they were taken its life. The birds which are being killed are all marsh and maritime birds.

On last Thursday, Jet Roy, a tenant on Rev. George Harmon's "Babb place," in Randolph county, killed a wolf that measured seven feet from end of tail to tip of nose, and weighed fifty pounds. It was caught in a trap which it tore loose from its fastening and dragged for several miles, where it was found and shot. His wolfship is said to have been the last of a gang of seven which have been hunted for in various ways for thirty years and which played sad havoc from time to time among the sheep that were ranged in that section.—Grant County Press.

"A WELL-KNOWN hatter," says Humanitarian, "lately compiled a list of the sizes of heads of eminent men, and recently sent Mr. Gladstone a letter giving the sizes of certain celebrities' heads, as follows: Lord Chelmsford 6 1/2, Duke of York 6 1/2, Dean Stanley 6 1/2, Emperor of Germany 6 1/2, Prince of Wales 7, Burns and Dickens 7 1/2, Earl Russell 7 1/2, W. E. Gladstone 7 1/2, W. M. Thackeray 7 1/2, Dr. Thomas Chalmers 7 1/2, Dan O'Connell 8, Dr. Thomson (Archbishop of York) 8 1/2, Joseph Hume, M. P., (the financier) 8 1/2. Queen Victoria's head (added the writer) from a close view I once got, I take to be 6 1/2 size."

## Biographic.

This chapter of the Biographic Notes is devoted to members of the Bussard connection, a relationship identified with this county for a century passed. The name indicates French origin, hence these people are very probably descendants of the Huguenots, who fled from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685. History tells how some of these people found refuge in Germany and Holland and afterwards numbers of them came to America among the early colonists.

Reuben Bussard, the progenitor of the Bussards, was the son of an emigrant from Germany, who settled at an early day near Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Upon his marriage with a Miss Scafoose, in Pendleton County, he settled on lands, now in possession of his descendants, near Glade Hill, or rather between Glade Hill and Frost. These early settlers were the parents of five sons and four daughters, as we learn from Morgan Grimes, Esq., near Mt. Zion. Susan, Fannie, Hester and Martha were their daughters. The sons were Eli, Solomon, Henry, Reuben, Jr., and Sampson.

Fannie Bussard was married to Benjamin Bussard and lived in Greenbrier county.

Hester Bussard became Mrs. Henry Grimes and lived in The Hills. He was a son of Arthur Grimes, of Felix Grimes, the pioneers. Their children are Peter, Frank, Zane, Hugh, Susan, Mary Ann, Alcinda and Martha.

Martha Bussard, daughter of Reuben, was married to Charles, son of Felix Grimes, the pioneer, and lived in the Hills, near Mt. Zion. The names of their children were Wesley, Morgan, Davis, Susan, Margaret, Elizabeth, Loretta, Rachel and Martha. In the Grimes memoirs, already published, all these are specially mentioned.

Eli Bussard married Margaret (Peggy) Moore, daughter Pennsylvania John Moore, and settled on a part of the home place, now occupied by his son, Arminius. In reference to their family the following items are given:

Arminius Bussard married Frances Kelley and settled near Glade Hill. He was a Union soldier, a member of Company D, 10th West Virginia Infantry.

Morgan Bussard married Rhoda Sims, daughter of John Sims, from Pendleton county. Their children are Sherman, Ellis, Perry Lee, Cora, now Mrs. William Shinnberry, near Driftwood; and Alcinda, who was married to Emory Shinnberry, near Clover Lick.

Peter Bussard, son of Eli Bussard, married Nancy Moore, sister of Eli Bussard's wife, and lived near Glade Hill, where John Lind say now resides. Their daughter Sarah was married to John Lind say. Virginia was married to Jacob Phillips, of Barbour county. He was a Union soldier, 6th West Virginia Infantry, and was killed in the affair at Bulltown, Braxton county. Martha became Mrs. Hedrick, and lived in Preston county. Mr. Hedrick was a Union soldier.

Perry Bussard belonged to Company I, 3d West Virginia Cavalry, and died in a Maryland hospital in the early spring of 1864.

Laura and Phoebe were the names of Eli Bussard's daughters. Solomon Bussard, son of Reuben Bussard, married Miss Rachel Grimes and settled on a section of the homestead. Their children were Wesley, who married Miss Matheny, of Highland county, and settled in the Big Valley; Jesse Allen lived in Highland; Susan married William Sharp, and went West; Mary was married to David Kincaid, and settled in Highland county, near Boler Springs.

Henry Bussard married Mary Hannah, daughter of Joseph Hannah, on Elk, and lived on Cummings Creek near Huntersville. Their daughter Sally became Mrs. J. B. Pyles; Susan Mrs. Tillotson

## Notions.

Almost every day some one turns up who has been induced to buy a gilded brick for gold, or some one who has invested some thousands of dollars in a bag full of brass filings and sand for gold dust. A man in Cleveland, a Jew, paid some other Jews \$12,000 in cash the other day for sixty-seven pounds of brass filings.

Let us suppose that there was once a man named Smith, and it is not hard to stretch the imagination that far. And this particular Smith had been descended from a hard-headed race of people who spelled the name with an "i" single. But this Smythe lived in New York and had a job that paid him ten dollars a week, and he was a nice man, scented and well dressed and he had taken the liberty of spelling his name "Smythe" when used in a social way, the when he signed for the boss in the business where he worked he had enough of inherited shrewdness to add "per S.," which stands for both Smith and Smythe.

Smith lived at Mrs. Thompkin's boarding-house, which was very exclusive for the price, and for a small man had quite a dangerous speak-to-me-at-your-peril air about him. He was one of those ordinary men who are so well pleased with themselves that they do not succeed in pleasing any one else.

To this boarding-house came two young men who were evidently from the country, and of whom Smith showed a little too plainly that he had considerable contempt, and he almost snorted when one of them addressed him as "pard" before the lady boarders. Smith gave him a look that was supposed to freeze any further efforts at familiarity; and the both young men whose names were Hawkins and Jones, tried to be good natured, he was very cold and unresponsive.

Hawkins and Jones proved to be from what was worse than the country, and that is the Rocky Mountain mining regions, and their talk was interspersed with mining phrases and terms. They told the boarders that they were in the city trying to negotiate a sale of their mine, which they said they had named for their sweethearts, getting the composite name "Daisy Belle." They stopped there some weeks, and all the boarders, with the exception of Smith, showed a great interest in the progress of the sale. Smith took occasion to hint darkly that he knew their kind and that they would be wanting to dispose of a gold-plated brick to somebody before long.

This was told to Hawkins and Jones, and after a conference in which they had their misgivings, they decided to make Smith a proposition because he had remarked airily that he thought he was a judge of human nature.

Hawkins knocked on Smith's door one day, and entering took a seat on the edge of a chair and twirled his big soft hat in his hands. "Well," said Smith dryly. "We've got a deal we purpose to make to you," said Hawkins. "Me and my pard is down on our luck, and we want the money to settle our board bill at this shebang and git back to the 'Daisy-Belle,' but we've got a bag of the dust here that we'll sell to some man at half-price, fer we've got to raise some money this evening er we cant git inter the game fer the last chance before we go."

Smith could hardly believe his ears. Here his enemies were delivered into his hands. His was a vindictive little soul, and he had often thought how nicely he would deliver the villains into the hands of the police red-handed if anyone ever attempted to sell him gold-dust.

"Well, Mr. Hawkins," said Smith "how much gold-dust have you got?" "Nigh onto twenty pound, and you kin have the whole caboodle for \$500," said Hawkins, "and you kin have this sample assayed."

HAVING looked over his shoulder and observed that no one was following, Colonel Watterson immediately decided to stop leading—The Detroit News.

## Pistols and Pestles.

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Smith declared it unnecessary as he had known Mr. Hawkins so long, and he told him and his partner to come to his room that evening with the gold and get the money.

It is hardly necessary to relate that Smith had two policemen in plain clothes concealed in his closet, and when the parties arrived they appeared on the scene and arrested the two miners and scooped the bag of dust on the table as evidence.

"Be kearful of that there bag," says Jones, who was watching the policeman very closely as he handled the bag.

"Never mind about that, my man. You would be better off if we were to lose it," replied the officer.

They were taken to the station-house and Smith went along. When before the police sergeant Hawkins demanded to know what they were arrested for, and the policeman then explained that they were trying to dispose of bogus gold-dust. The sergeant remarked that "gold could never be bought of honest people at a discount," and was about to order them to be locked up until until an examination could be held in the morning, when Hawkins said the gold was theirs and that it was the real stuff. "Jest feel the heft of it, captin!" he said.

Then a lawyer who was standing near looked at the contents of the bag, and suggested that it was just possible that it was gold, and maybe they had better send for a jeweler. This was done, and the jeweler examined the contents of the bag carefully and tried different portions with acids. He pronounced it very fine gold. He said further that there was about twenty pounds of it, and that altogether it was worth about \$4,500.

A peculiar noise attracted the attention of those in the room, and there was Smith with his eyes bulged out having some trouble with his breath.

"What have you to say to this," said the sergeant rather sternly.

"An old fortune teller told me once that I would some day miss the chance of my life," said Smith very sadly.

Then Hawkins told the sergeant all about it. He explained they had been boarding at Mrs. Thompkin's several weeks, and how they had been snubbed by Smith. They owned a mine which they could only work to advantage by machinery, and had slowly taken out in the past year by hand that bag of gold. They came to New York to sell their mine to a syndicate who could put in a stamping mill, and the day before they had closed out, and had money to burn. They had heard what Smith had said about their being probable swindlers, and had determined to play a joke on him. When asked if Smith had taken them up whether they would have stood by their offer:

"In course we would," said Hawkins. "That's the thing my pard insisted on, but we decided to risk it, and didn't think as how there was any great risk about; fer while we aint any big judge of human nater, like Smith here, we thought as how we had sized him up."

When Smith came down to breakfast the next morning he heard sounds of laughter as he heard the dining-room, which ceased as he entered and a morning paper was surreptitiously dropped on the floor.

## Austrian Troubles.

Some months since in some remarks on the signs of the times, reference was made to the renowned Paris correspondent of the London Times, M. Blowitz. He claims to have prevented two international wars, since the Franco-Prussian war, by what he wrote on one occasion, and what he did not write upon another occasion. This correspondent says that the international trouble pends on one event, the demise of the Austrian Emperor, now verging seventy years of age, and in precarious health.

Such a remark coming from the source it does, makes all news about Austrian affairs more than ordinarily interesting. In the past few weeks, scenes have been witnessed in the Austrian Parliament that surpass anything that has happened since the stormy scenes that ushered in the French Revolution.

Austria is what may be called a composite nation, made up of many different races and antagonizing factions. In no European country are so many languages spoken as in the Austrian Empire; seventeen millions of Slavonians; seven millions of Hungarians; nine millions of Germans; between two and three millions of Wallachians; one million Jews; and a half million of Italians, about 38 millions in all. The other races have failed to agree on a common basis of action, but have been mutually distrustful of each other, and the consequence has been that the united German element has controlled governmental affairs and the German has been the official language. Nine millions thus have had the mastery over twenty-nine millions. It appears that in the last two or three years, the Slavonians and Hungarians have been doing some thinking for themselves; they are feeling the pulsations of national aspiration; and have about come to the conclusion that it is a shame and outrage not to be submitted to any longer, to be dominated and dictated to by the Germans.

Thus the opposition to the Germans is bringing about something like definite policy and concert of action. The struggle is now on for the control of the Austrian Empire between the German and the anti-German elements. The old races must eventually win, and the dominant control of the German minority cease, and the German language give place to the language of the majority. Before this is done however horrible scenes of riot and bloodshed may be anticipated. It is a revolt of the masses against a dominant minority, who have been using the government for their own use and emolument. The Germans have long been entrenched in their position and it will require hard work to dislodge them. They have the army in hand and the governmental machinery.

CRABBED age and youth Cannot live together.— Youth is full of pleasure. Age is full of care. Youth like summer morn, Age like winter weather; Youth like summer brave, Age like winter bare.

The wise precepts of Shakespeare were disregarded by a Virginia octogenarian who recently married a young girl in her teens.

THE duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of

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